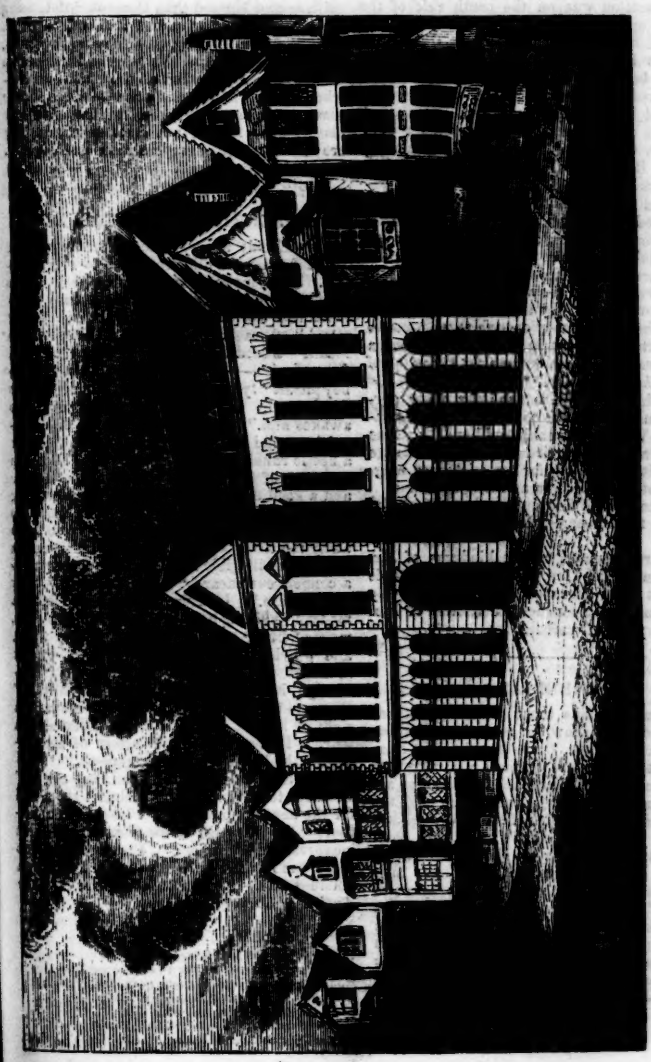
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 975.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839. [Price 2*d*.



NEW EXCHANGE, STRAND.

NEW EXCHANGE, STRAND,

MDCIX.

This once celebrated mart was opened, by James the First, April 1609, and was named by that monarch "*Britain's Bourse.*" It continued until the year 1737, when it was taken down, and its site covered with houses. The situation was on the south side of the Strand, opposite to the location of the present Adelphi Theatre. It was built on the plan of the late Royal Exchange in the city, with cellars beneath, over which was a paved walk, and above were the shops, principally occupied by sempstresses and milliners; and here sat above stairs, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, lord deputy of Ireland under James the Second, a bigotted papist, and fit instrument of the designs of the infatuated prince, who had created him earl before his abdication, and after that Duke of Tyrconnel. A female, suspected to have been his duchess, after his death, supported herself for a few days, (till she was known, and otherwise provided for,) by the little trade of this place: she had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected, and sat in a white mask and a white dress, and was known by the name of the "*White Milliner.*" *

The shops were also used for other purposes; in 1736, "The complete Human Anatomy, in Wax," was exhibited here. Various trades were also carried on; a Mrs. Savage making it a repository for her celebrated magnificent stock of foreign and English china.

The reader will find, in Number 499 of the *Mirror*, further particulars of this New Exchange.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Fillinham for the View which embellishes this notice, it being engraved from an excessively rare print in his extensive collection of literary and pictorial rarities.

TIBERIAS.

Jerusalem presents those scenes of intense importance, that show the saint the beginning and end of his hope, the work of Christ from his first to his second coming; while the Sea of Galilee, ever referring back to what was accomplished there, brings before the soul the common and quiet scenes of life, pervaded and hallowed by the Redeemer's work. In complete contrast, however, to these associations, we found the men of Israel at Tiberias in a state of misery, fitted to move us to prayer and labour. The town was overthrown by the earthquake two years ago, and not a house left uninjured. Hence the daughter of Zion is here literally sitting in dust. We went to the synagogues over heaps of ruins. At the same time the Jews are the most cleanly of the population, and their synagogues, like those of Safet, especially clean, and well furnished with simple, but elegant lamps. Their reading rooms also, of which they once had above 30, and relics of which still exist throughout the town, are kept cool and pleasant; we visited one that looked out to the lake. The Jews were very reserved towards us. They knew why we came; and they are even more superstitious and bigoted than those at Safet, using gestures more extravagant and vehement in their worship. They have five synagogues, none of them large. They were in the same state of fear from dread of the Arabs as elsewhere; many had already fled to more secure places, such as Acre and Khaipha. We saw plainly their temper and state of mind: they are sincere in their superstition and bigotry. —*Missionary Record.*

* Mr. Walpole.

DEFINITIONS OF PLEASURE.

It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure bears a different sense to every person. Pleasure to a country miss just "come out," means "a race ball, and so many partners, that she has danced till she can hardly stand." Pleasure to an aspirant after fashion means "a card for Devonshire House, or a nod from Lady ———." Pleasure to a schoolboy means "tying a string to his school-fellow's toe when he is asleep, and pulling it till he awakes him." Pleasure to a man of an inquiring mind means "a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with its head off." Pleasure to a man of taste means "a first rate *artists* and a good dinner." Pleasure to a labouring man means "doing nothing." Pleasure to a fine lady means "having something to do to drive away the time." Pleasure to an antiquarian means "an illegible inscription." Pleasure to a connoisseur means "a dark, invisible, very fine picture." Pleasure to a philosopher, a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means "liking nothing, despising every thing, and proving every one a simpleton, except himself." Pleasure to a beggar means "a sovereign by mistake, instead of a shilling." Pleasure to a sailor, "a fresh breeze and a sight of land." Pleasure to the afflicted, "a tear." Pleasure to the sweetest of all tempers, "the last word in an argument." Pleasure to the social, "the human face divine." Pleasure to the morose, "I shan't see a soul for the next six months." Pleasure to an author, "the last page of his manuscript—bliss inexpressible—'Finis.'" Pleasure to all, to every one in their own way, and that way a different one.—*Anne Grey, a Novel, by the Author of Granby.*

There is religion in a flower;
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience.
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power
In characters more legible, than those
Which he has written on the tiniest flower
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight.

XVIII - 41.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

RENNIE'S INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

(*Continued from page 42.*)

Gall-flies, (Cynipidæ,) p. 370. These are a numerous family of insects, remarkable for causing upon the leaves and stems of plants those singular, and often beautiful, productions called galls. The most familiar examples of these are the oak-apples of the oak, and the bedeguar-galls of the rose-tree. These productions, although they envelope the grub or grubs of the fly, do not appear to consist of animal matter derived from the insect, but of vegetal matter directed into an unusual course, in consequence of the puncture made by the mother-fly when she lays her egg in the plant, and also, perhaps, by the constant irritation imparted to it by the grub which is hatched from the egg, and continues to derive nourishment from the sap. All galls of this kind are bitter, and contain tannin and gallic acid. M. Robiquet has confirmed the opinion of M. Polouze, that gallic acid may be obtained from tannin; but he finds that it requires a much longer time to produce it from tannin than from the gall itself. The former operation requires eight months, while one month is sufficient for the latter—a proof that the gall contains principles (perhaps gum, or rather mucilage) which facilitate fermentation.

RENNIE'S INSECT TRANSFORMATIONS.

Vitality of Seeds.—"When a piece of ground, which has never been tilled, is turned up by the spade or the plough, it immediately becomes covered with a crop of annuals, not one of which may grow within many miles of the spot; and a number of them, such as hedge-mustard, (*Sisymbrium officinale,*) and chickweed, (*Alsine media,*) whose seeds are not winged. It is no less worthy of remark, that all these annuals will again disappear as soon as the grass is suffered to spread over the spot which has been dug up. It is mentioned by Mr. James Jennings, in *Times Telescope*, (1823,) that the colts-foot (*Tussilago farfara*) is usually the first plant which appears in England in such cases—a circumstance by no means remarkable, as the seeds of this plant are winged with down, and extremely light." (p. 29.)

Mr. Jesse says, that "a portion of a marshy meadow in Herefordshire, produced the beautiful white silky rush, called I believe the cotton-grass (*Eriophorum angustifolium*), and so abundantly, that seen at a distance, it resembled a partial fall of snow. The proprietor caused that portion to be deeply trenched and drained, spreading the soil from the drains over the contiguous ground. The ensuing autumn, instead of a white, a blue surface was presented, the whole space being adorned with the round-leaved bell-flower, (*Campanula rotundifolia,*) not one of which previously grew near the spot, and the beautiful rush disappeared. The tree mignionette (*Reseda luteola*) grows abundantly near Dudley Castle, in soil thrown up from a great depth among the lime-rocks. This plant also, as well as colts-foot, (*Tussilago farfara,*) soon covers the coal-pit banks in that part of the country, the soil being brought from 100 to 150 yards below the surface, the white Dutch clover (*Trifolium repens*) being found mixed amongst them. When we thus find in plants a vital power which enables them to vegetate after having been buried for numerous ages, and which proves that they are imperishable, why, with respect to the far nobler work of creation, *man*, should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead!" (*Gleanings in Natural History*, second series, p. 136.)

In Scotland, the white clover (*Trifolium repens*) is the plant which usually, and very generally, springs up after ground has been ploughed for the first time, and in places where it was not previously seen growing. Some seeds of it, which were found six or seven feet deep in the peat moss of Stirlingshire, where they had in all probability lain for centuries, were sown in a garden, and gave birth to healthy and vigorous plants. A few years ago, the small-flowered fumitory, (*Fumaria parviflora*), a rare British plant, sprang up in great abundance at Hill-side, on the north of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, on some recently ploughed soil. The spot had been often visited by botanists, but they had never found this plant there previous to the soil being ploughed.

The Puss-moth, (Cerura vinula).—"It lays shining brown eggs on the green leaf of the poplar." (p. 35.)

A female, which we had, laid pale green eggs, which assumed a brown colour some time afterwards.

Fecundity of Insects.—Mr. Rennie gives several examples of the comparative fecundity of insects, to which we may add that of the *Cantharides*. M. Zier observed, that each female *Cantharis* lays from one hundred to two hundred eggs. (See *Bull. Univ.* B. xx. 181; and the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii. 300.)

Ichneumon-fly, (Pimpla manifestator,) p. 56.—It is well known that ichneumon-flies lay their eggs in the bodies of caterpillars, and that these are subsequently eaten by the grubs which are hatched from them. During the years 1832 and 1833, Mr. E. W. Lewis, of Chelsea, ascertained the novel fact that not only the grubs, but a species of ichneumon-fly, (*Pimpla stercorator,*) feeds upon the leaf-rolling caterpillars of certain moths. He observed the females stab the caterpillars with the ovipositor, and then devour them. "Some caterpillars," he says, "required more stabbing than others. One which received three stabs died in a few hours; another, half an inch long, died in about ten minutes; while one which I stabbed with a pin was as merry as ever four days afterwards." (*Magazine of Natural*

History, vi. 417.) It is probable, that in the above instances, the fly kills the caterpillars by injecting a poison into them, or, in other words, by stinging them to death. Messrs. Kirby and Spence tell us, that they have been twice stung by ichneumon flies; "first by one with a concealed sting, and afterwards by another of the family of *Pimpla manifestator*, with a very long exerted sting."—(*Introduction to Entomology*, i. p. 121.)

Mr. Westwood remarks, that although ichneumon flies do not sting so painfully as bees and wasps, yet the general structure of the ovipositor being perfectly similar to that of the sting of the aculeate tribes, enables them to inflict a wound; and from experience I can state, that irritation has followed the puncture. It may, indeed, be said, that this irritation was merely produced by the wound, and was not the effect of the poison; but, Mr. Lewis's statement proves that, in the instance of the caterpillars, poison must have been injected. In July, 1833, while collecting insects in Richmond Park, a small-sized ichneumon fly fell upon my face, close to the corner of my eye, from a branch of an oak tree, which I was beating. The lids instinctively closed in an instant, catching the intruder by his leg, which so annoyed him, that, for self-defence, he stung me in the eyelid, and I felt the effects for an hour afterwards; sufficiently long to show, regard being had to his size, that the wound was irritated by poison." (*Mag. N. H.* vi. 417.)

Parasitic Insects, &c. "When the gall-fly *(Cynips)* has deposited her eggs on the bud or leaf of a plant in such a manner as to ensure their being surrounded with a thick coating of vegetable substance, they are not on that account secure from the *Chalcididæ*, a beautiful family of insects, armed by nature with an instrument for the purpose of penetrating in any direction, the largest oak-apple, or bedeguar of the rose. The most obvious distinction between these parasites and the true gall-flies, is, that in the latter the ovipositor is partly concealed, while, in the former, it is altogether external, like the ichneumon-fly's; but this distinction is of course wanting in the male insects. * * * From the bedeguar gall of the rose alone, no less than three different species of insects may proceed, two of which, *Callimone bedeguaris*, and *Eurytoma stigma*, are parasites." (p. 60.)

Mr. Walker says, that "*Cynips aptera* lives underground, forms galls on roots, and is infested by *Callimone roboris*." *(Entomological Magazine*, iii. 159.) *Acarus Basteri*, which is figured and described in the *Magazine of Natural History*, (ix. 353.) lives amongst corallines and confervæ, and is much infested with infusory animalcules. Dr. George Johnston mentions a very curious instance of one animal being parasitic on another parasite. He says that *Udonella Caligorum*, a species of leach, which he has described and figured in the above miscellany, (viii. 496,) adheres by its sucker to any part of the body of the *Caligus*, a species of crustacean, which is itself a parasite on the halibut. *(Hippoglossus vulgaris.)*

Parasites on Bees and Wasps, p. 67. The white fleshy grub of a rare and singular fly, *(Stylops Melittæ,)* lives in the abdomen of the black-bronze bee, *(Andrena nigroænea.)* Mr. Rennie remarks, that nothing is yet known of the manner in which the eggs are introduced into the body of the bee by the fly, and that its rarity puts it out of the reach of the most eager observers; and he mentions that an allied genus *(Xenos)* has been discovered parasitic in wasps, by Professor Peck, in America. We may add, that at the meeting of the Entomological Society, June 4, 1838, Mr. Westwood stated that he had found the eggs and pupæ of a fly in the abdomen of an American species of wasp.

Mistakes of Instinct, p. 76. Mr. Rennie cites some very interesting examples of what he calls mistakes of instinct. These remind us of an instance, recorded in the *Magazine of Natural History*, (ix. 106,) of a robin having mistaken a dead stuffed robin for a live one, and endeavoured, by many little acts, to entice it away.

Pugnacity of Swallows. "Whenever a hawk appears, he is immediately surrounded by a host of small birds, particularly swallows, which dart at him, and tease him, for the purpose, as may be supposed, of distracting his attention, on the principle that 'wealth makes wit waver.'" (p. 77.)

Some years ago, we observed some swallows beset a rook, which flew by them one evening at Leyton, in Essex.

Ovo-viviparous and pupa-viviparous Insects, p. 108. Some insects, as the chequered blow-fly, *(Sarcophaga carnaria,)* and the summer brood of the *Aphides*, are hatched in the bodies of their parents, and are then excluded in the grub state; while the forest-fly, *(Hippobosca equina,)* the bat-louse, *(Nycteribia vespertilionis,)* and the sheep-louse, *(Melophagus ovinus,)* are born in the pupa state.

The nimble Lizard. "We caught a female of the nimble lizard, *(Lacerta agilis,)* on a heath near Sorn, Ayrshire, in July, and kept it for some time under a glass, where it produced six young ones; but, in consequence of improper food, or of confinement, they all soon died. This lizard is said to be sometimes oviparous." (p. 108.)

Speaking on the authority of Bell's *British Reptiles*, we should say that the lizard which Mr. Rennie caught was the *Zootoca vivipara*, and not the *Lacerta agilis* (Linn.) or sand lizard, which always lays eggs.

Ants and Aphides. "It is not," says Mr. Rennie, "the aphides themselves, who select the snug winter retreat of an ant-hill, or who know how to secure the careful nursing of the ants. All this is the sole concern of the latter, to secure for themselves a supply of the honey-

dew, as it is erroneously called, secreted by the aphides in spring." (p. 116.)

A writer in the *Entomological Magazine* says, "I have often watched an ant go from one aphis to another, stand behind each, and gently squeeze the body with its fore-legs; perhaps one aphis in ten, not more, will give out a small drop of honey-dew, as clear as crystal, which the ants instantly swallow. The ants take much more care of the aphides than the aphides do of themselves: they are sad, dull, stupid creatures. It is very pretty to see the licking, washing, cleaning, and caressing which the ants constantly bestow on them. When the aphides cast their skin, the ants instantly carry it away, nor will they let any dirt or rubbish remain among them, or on them. But the most amusing care of the ant, is guarding the aphides from the attacks of the *Microguster Aphidium* [a little species of ichneumon fly, which deposits its eggs in the bodies of the aphides, whose larvæ are also attacked by another fly *(Gelis agilis.)*] You must have seen a sheep-dog run over the backs of a whole flock of sheep, when closely crowded together, in order to bring back some sinner that has gone astray; so will the ants, in the hot sunshine, run about over an establishment of aphides, driving away the rascally parasite that is for ever hovering about to destroy them." (iii. 338.) From the same publication, (p. 406,) we learn that other species of insects feed upon the honey-dew. Mr. Walker says, that on a warm cloudless morning in October he saw myriads of *Scatopse picea* hovering about and settling on a larch-tree near Dolgelly, North Wales; and among them were two or three *Scatopse flavicollis*. They came to feast on the honey-dew distilled by a colony of aphides that infested a branch of that tree.

J. H. F.

DUKE DE ALVA.

This infamous monster boasted, at a public dinner in Spain, that he had caused more than eighteen thousand persons to be executed by the ordinary minister of justice in the Netherlands within the space of six years, besides a vast number of others who were cut off by other means.

He caused one Anthony Utenhow to be tied to a stake at Brussels, encompassed by a large fire at some distance from him; in this circle he moved about like a poor beast roasted alive, till the common soldiers, moved with some compassion, put an end to his misery, contrary to the will of the duke.

When the city of Haerlem surrendered to Alva, on condition that he should save the lives of the captured, he commanded some of the principal burghers and soldiers to be starved to death, saying that "though he had promised them their lives, he had not promised to find them meat."

The Netherlandish women, many years after his death, used to scare their children, by saying, "Alva was coming!"

FRAGMENTS

TO STIMULATE THOUGHT AND REFLECTION.*

Middling men, favoured in their lifetime by circumstances, often appear of higher stature than belongs to them; great men always of lower. Time, the sovereign, invests with befitting raiment and distinguishes with proper ensigns, the familiars he has received into his eternal habitations: in these alone are they deposited!

Cicero changed his style according to his matter and his hearers. His speeches to the people vary from his speeches to the senate. Toward the one he was impetuous and exacting; toward the other he was usually but earnest and anxious, and sometimes but submissive and imploring, yet equally unwilling, on both occasions, to conceal the labour he had taken to captivate their attention and obtain success. At the tribunal of Cæsar the dictator, he laid aside his costly armour, contracted the folds of his capacious robe, and became calm, insinuating, and adulative, showing his spirit not utterly extinguished, his dignity not utterly fallen, his consular year not utterly abolished from his memory, but Rome, and even himself, lowered in the presence of his judge.

The sunshine of poetry makes the colour of blood less horrible, and draws up a shadowy and a softening haziness where the scene would otherwise be too distinct. Poems, like rivers, convey to their destination what must without their appliances be left unhandled: these to ports and arsenals, this to the human heart.

A poet often does more and better than he is aware at the time, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silkworm knows about the fineness of her thread.

I do not think Ovid the best poet that ever lived, but I think he wrote the most of good poetry, and, in proportion to its quantity, the least of bad or indifferent. He wants on many occasions the gravity of Virgil; he wants on all the variety of cadence; but it is a very mistaken notion that he either has heavier faults or more numerous. His natural air of levity, his unequalled and unfailing ease, have always made the contrary opinion prevalent. Errors and faults are readily supposed, in literature as in life, where there is much gaiety; and the appearance of ease, among those who never could acquire or understand it, excites a suspicion of negligence and faultiness. Of all the ancient Romans, Ovid had the finest imagination: he likewise had the truest tact in judging the poetry of his contemporaries and predecessors. Compare his estimate with Quinctilian's of the same writers, and this will strike you forcibly. He was the only one of his countrymen who could justly appreciate the labours of Lucretius.

" Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras quum dabit una dies.'

* Selected from the Quarterly Review, No. CXXVIII.

And the kindness with which he rests on all the others shows a benignity of disposition which is often lamentably deficient in authors who write tenderly upon imaginary occasions.

Have you never observed that persons of high rank universally treat their equals with deference; and that ill-bred ones are often smart and captious? Even their words are uttered with a brisk and rapid air, a tone higher than the natural, to sustain the factitious consequence and vapouring independence they assume. Small critics and small poets take all this courage when they licentiously shut out the master.

Envy would conceal herself under the shadow and shelter of contemptuousness, but she swells too huge for the den she creeps into.

There are poets among us who mistake in themselves the freckles of the hay-fever for beauty-spots.

We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another; but never will any be justly called a great poet unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.

Vengeance has nothing to do with comedy, nor properly with satire. The satirist who told us that Indignation made his verses* for him, might have been told in return that she excluded him thereby from the first classes, and thrust him among the rhetoricians and declaimers.

Frequently, where there is great power in poetry, the imagination makes encroachments on the heart, and uses it as her own. I have shed tears on writings which never cost the writer a sigh, but which occasioned him to rub the palms of his hands together, until they were ready to strike fire, with satisfaction at having overcome the difficulty of being tender.

Crooked and cramp are truths written with chalkstones.

Scientific Biography.

JOHN ROBYNS.

Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia cœlo
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones,
Armatumque auro circumspicit oriona.
Virgil. Æn. iii. v. 515.

The individual whose name figures at the head of this article, occupies a deservedly high position in that brilliant array of scientific genius which graces the annals of the sixteenth century. His labours were principally confined to astronomical subjects, although, in conformance with the then-prevailing taste, he devoted much time to the practice of astrological absurdities. We have but scanty particulars respecting his life, owing to that general apathy which has until very lately been exhibited in the biography of those who trod the paths of science a few centuries ago, when letters began to be revived, and the light of knowledge was just dawning through those dark clouds of ignorance and superstition by which it had so long been veiled. Robyns was a native of Staffordshire. The precise year of his birth is unknown, but it must have been very near the end of the fifteenth century, as he went to All Souls College, Oxford, A.D. 1516, where he became a fellow in 1520, took the usual degrees in arts, and was subsequently ordained. He did not discover much inclination for any studies unconnected with the mathematical sciences, but in these latter, according to Anthony Wood, he made such astonishing progress, that "he became the ablest person in his time for those studies, not even excepting his friend Recorde,* whose learning was more general."† In 1531, he was made a bachelor of divinity; and in the following year King Henry VIII. appointed him one of the canons of Christ Church College, Oxford, which had just been re-endowed on a new foundation, for the support of a dean and twelve canons, after the disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey, under the name of "King Henry VIII.'s College." In what way or by whom Robyns was introduced to the royal favour, I have not been able to ascertain, but the king appears to have entertained an especial regard for him; as in the year 1543 he was made canon of Windsor upon the demise of Dr. Richard Rawson, (well known for his contest with Bonner, Bishop of London,) and after Henry's death became chaplain to Queen Mary.

I must now proceed to give some account of his works, all of which have been preserved in MS. There are five treatises by him now remaining in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. 1. De Culminatione fixarum Stellarum. 2. De Ortû et Occasû fixarum, &c. 3. Annotationes Astrologicæ. 4. Annotationes Edvardo VI. 5. Tractatus de prognostication per Eclipsin. All these MSS. originally formed part of the collection of Mr. Thomas Allen, of Gloucester Hall,‡ upon whose death they came into the possession of Sir Kenelm Digby, and thence into their present situation. Besides these, there is a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection, (No. 186,) entitled, "Johannis Robyns libellus de accidentibus futuris ad regem Henricum 8^vum.;" at the end of which is a treatise "de sterilitatem generantibus." The following MS. works by him are preserved in the British Museum:—1. Observationes Astrologicæ, "written in 1535," (MS.

* Facit indignatio versum.—*Juv.*

* See a memoir of Robert Recorde, *Mirror*, vol. 24, page 44.

† Fasti Oxonienses by Bliss, vol 1.

‡ See a memoir of Mr. Thomas Allen, *Mirror*, vol. 32, page 308.

Sloane, 1743.) 2. Annotationes Astrologicæ, (MS. Sloane, 1773.) 3. Epitome in apostolesmata Ptolemæi, (MSS. Ayscough.) 4. De Portentosis Cometis, (King's Library, 12 B.15.) The last of these MSS. Anthony Wood says he never saw; some extracts from it are to be found in the Bodleian MS. Seld. Arch. B. 79. Mr. Halliwell, in his "Rara Mathematica," has published part of a treatise by Robyns, entitled "De Cometis Commentaria," from a manuscript preserved in his valuable collection. The dedication is as follows:—"Ad invitissimum principem Henricum ejusdem nominis octavum, serenissimum Anglorum regem, de cometis commentaria Johannis Robyns sui alumni et socii collegii omnium animarum Oxoniæ." The tract commences with a description of the four elements; and in several passages the author heaps a profusion of compliments upon Henry VIII., to whom he applies many such epithets as "eruditissime princeps," "sacrosancta majestas," &c., which sound rather ridiculous when addressed to a person of so ruthless and sanguinary a character. My limits will not admit of any further extracts, I must, therefore, refer the reader to the "Rara Mathematica,"* where he will find much to gratify his curiosity concerning the scientific works of the middle ages. Mr. Halliwell, in his preface, mentions another MS. copy of the "De Cometis Commentaria," in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, MSS. gal. O. I. 11.

Robyns died on the 25th of August, A.D. 1558, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There is a marble tombstone over his grave, at the base of the ascent to the choir, with the following inscription, engraven on brass:—

"Orate pro animâ magistri Johannis Robyns, sacre theologie baccalaurei, nuper hujus regie capelle canonici, et quondam capellani tam regis Henrici octavi quam serenissime regine Marie, qui obiit 25° die Augusti, Anno Domini millesimo, quingentesimo quinquagesimo octavo, cujus anime, ut in celo quiescat, deus optimus suam misericordiam concedat."

In the middle is his effigy arrayed in a canon's habit, with a robe of St. George thrown over it. On his right side there are three scrolls, having the inscription

"Vivit post funera virtus,
Redemptor meus vivit
In te, Domine, speravi."

On his left are five other scrolls thus inscribed:

"In te, Domine speravi,
De terrâ resurrecturus sum.
Vivit post funera virtus.
In te, Domine, speravi.
Vivit post funera virtus."

Under his feet are the following elegiac verses to his memory, on a brass plate. They are written in a remarkably elegant and impressive style:

"Qui jacet augustâ sub saxo hoc clausus in arcâ
Johannes Robyns homine dictus erat.
Jure hominis docti vivens cognomen habebat,
Cultor virtutis semper ab unguiculis.
Clarlut arte illâ, bene quâ numerare docemur,
Nec quâ metimur, nescius artis erat.
Novit nature tacitas exquirere causas,
Quid solem obscurat, luna ubi lumen habet.
Unde ruunt venti, mare cur fluit atque recurrit,
Nix unde et toultru, fulmina, grando, gebi.
Savit fucatis verss discernere gemmas
Quas Adamas vires, quasque Pyropus habit.
Sedulus in sacris docuit qui scripta libellis,
Hieronymus quicquid, quidque alt Ambrosius.
Qui multis solitus rimari sydera terris
Jam videt ætheriis certius illa locis."

All these inscriptions are in old English characters. J. C. W.

* "*Rara Mathematica*," or a collection of treatises on the mathematics and subjects connected with them. From ancient inedited manuscripts; by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. &c. 8vo. London. 1839.

The Public Journals.

[In a review of Dr. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the *Edinburgh Review* for the last quarter has the following curious summary, shewing the sound and strong arches on which our English vernacular rests:—

The Anglo-Saxon Foundations of the English Language.]

The English language consists of about thirty-eight thousand words. This includes, of course, not only radical words, but all derivatives, except the preterites and participles of verbs; to which must be added some few terms which, though set down in the dictionaries, are either obsolete, or have never ceased to be considered foreign. Of these, about twenty-three thousand, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportions we cannot say, are Latin and Greek; Latin, however, has the larger share.

Assuming that this calculation is accurate, for which we will not vouch, or that it approximates to accuracy, which we are quite ready to affirm, it will be seen that the Anglo-Saxon, even if we look at the mere number of words it has contributed, is our principal source of strength. Nay, were we to found our calculations upon the passages which Sharon Turner has adduced from a series of our most popular writers, and in which he has discriminated, by italics, the words of Anglo-Saxon from those of foreign origin, we should infer a much greater preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon element. Mr. Turner has not set down in figures the numbers of the two classes of words contained in any of these passages. Sir James Mackintosh analysed three or four of them. We shall now give an analysis of the whole. The passages in question are from the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Cowley, Thompson, Addison, Spencer, Locke, Pope, Young, Swift, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon and Johnson. In five verses out of Genesis, containing one hundred and thirty words, there are only five not Saxon. In as many verses out of the Gospel of St. John, containing seventy-four words,

there are only two not Saxon. Of the remaining passages, that from Shakspeare contains eighty-one words; of these, the words not Saxon, are thirteen; that from Milton, ninety; not Saxon sixteen; that from Cowley, seventy-six: not Saxon, ten; that from Thompson, seventy-eight; not Saxon, fourteen; that from Addison, seventy-nine; not Saxon, fifteen; that from Spencer, seventy-two; not Saxon, fourteen; that from Locke, ninety-four; not Saxon, twenty; that from Pope, eighty-four; not Saxon, twenty-eight; that from Young, ninety-six; not Saxon, twenty-one; that from Swift, eighty-seven; in which nine only are not Saxon; that from Robertson, one hundred and fourteen; not Saxon, thirty-four; that from Hume, one hundred and one; not Saxon, thirty-eight; that from Gibbon, eighty; not Saxon, thirty-one; that from Johnson, eighty-seven; not Saxon, twenty-one. In none of these passages is the number of foreign words greater than one-third; in many of them less than one-tenth. In all, there are fourteen hundred and ninety-two words, of which only two hundred and ninety-six are not Saxon. If we were to take this as a criterion, the Saxon would constitute about four-fifths of the language, instead of five-eighths—or about thirty-two fortieths, instead of twenty-five fortieths. But if we are considering the mere *number* of words derived from the Anglo-Saxon, as compared with those derived from other sources, without any reference whatever to the relative value of the words, the criterion is by no means a fair one. For there are of course many words—such as the articles, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, &c.—which must necessarily occur much oftener than others; and are, therefore, met with three or four times over in the same passage. It is true, indeed, that if, dismissing the question of numbers, we consider simply the position these words occupy in the language, and that if they are repeated frequently it is only because we cannot help it; then, though their being counted over two or three times, gives us an exaggerated estimate of the *number* of Anglo-Saxon words, that very exaggeration is far from adequately expressing the extent to which that portion of the language prevails.

[The following from old Camden* is a quaint, but sound tribute to the peculiar properties and virtues of our native language.]

The English Language.

"Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still, fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lippes for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majesticall, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the divell in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready, at every word, to picke a quarrell. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus, when substantialnesse combineth with delightfulnesse, fulnesse with finesse, seemlinesse with portlinesse, and currentnesse with staydnesse, how can the language which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of all sweetnesse!"

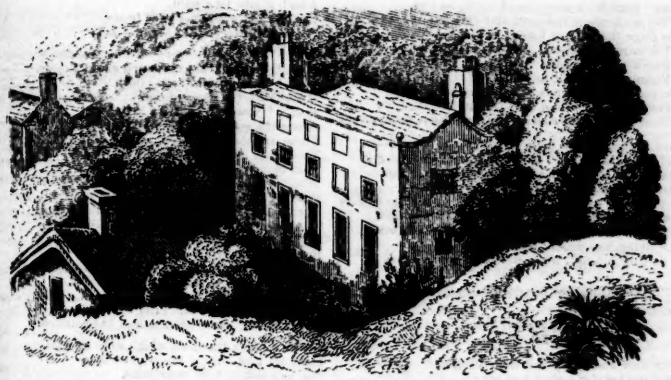
* Camden's '*Remains.*'

PHOTOGENIC DRAWINGS.

A NEW method of producing photogenic drawings was recently exhibited to a small circle of scientific persons. The drawings produced, which combine the minute exactness detailed in Daguerre's tables with the powerful contrast of the light and shadow of an original drawing, are effected by means of Indian ink. By this new process, the plate on which the light is to act, is placed in the camera obscura entirely black, and the action of the light upon it destroys either partially or entirely the blackened surface, thus producing the various tints of a drawing from the most perfect white, through all the different degrees of shadow, to a jet black. The blackened plate is so sensibly affected by the rays of light, that objects illuminated only by the faint light of a common candle, are depicted in all their detail as distinctly as if acted on by the brightest sunlight. Whilst putting the plates into the camera obscura, the operator must only make use of a small lantern with a coloured glass, in an otherwise perfectly darkened room, and the same precaution must be taken in fixing the images produced in the camera obscura. Unfortunately, the preparation of these new photogenic plates is rather complicated, requiring the science of a chymist as well as the skilful hand of an artist, and the inventor (Dr. Schafhaeutl, of Munich) has not yet correctly ascertained how long these plates will remain sensible to the action of light. The Doctor hopes, however, that they may be kept in that state for years, and there is nothing to prevent a most extensive use of this new method, as the process of generating and fixing these wonderful images is very short and simple. The inventer promises, as soon as he has simplified the mode of preparing the plates for his new method, to make it public through the medium of one of our scientific journals.—*Times.*

SECRET LOVE.

THE fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe;
Starres shine all night though undiscerned by day;
And trees do spring, yet are not seene to growe;
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay;
In Winter's wo is buried Summer's blisse,
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.



QUEBEC HOUSE, WESTERHAM, KENT,

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF GENERAL WOLFE.

James Wolfe, the son of Lieutenant-general Edward Wolfe, was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, in 1726. He betook himself young to the profession of arms, for which he was particularly adapted, by the bravery, elevation, and decision of his character. Even at the early age of twenty he attracted attention by his military skill, and during the whole of the German war was actively employed and regarded as a great and rising soldier. At length he was called into high and independent command by the discernment of the first Mr. Pitt, who appointed him to command the important expedition against Quebec. Here he singly, and alone in opinion, formed that great, hazardous, but necessary plan of operation, which drew out the French to their defeat, and ensured the conquest of Canada. Having surmounted all obstacles, he encountered the enemy on the heights of Abraham, where, in the moment of victory, he received a ball in the wrist, and another in the body, which rendered it necessary to bear him off to a small distance in the rear. There, roused from fainting in the agonies of death, by the sound of "They run," he eagerly asked, "Who run?" and being told the French, and that they were defeated, he exclaimed "Then I thank God, and die contented," and almost instantly expired. This event took place September 13, 1759, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. A national monument is erected to the memory of this much lamented and excellent officer, in Westminster Abbey.—*Ann. Reg.*

Westerham is a market-town in the county of Kent, 22 miles from London. In the church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a fine cenotaph to the memory of Wolfe: and in the grounds of Quebec House there is a pillar, with an inscription, erected for the like purpose. The learned Bishop Hoadley was a native of Westerham.

The Spirit of the Annuals.

Friendship's Offering; and Winter's Wreath for 1840. [Smith, Elder, and Co.]

It is, doubtless, to such like beauteous literary treasures as the "Friendship's Offering," we are indebted for the visible and heart-cheering advancement of the intellectual attainments of the Women of England; and it is also apparent, by the improvement of late years in the above Annual, the publishers are resolved to increase its usefulness, by a renewed and invigorating display of pictorial and literary banquets.

THE BRIDE.

BY OCTAVIAN BLEWITT.

There is an unadorned and nameless grave
Where southern birds are singing, and the sky
Of brilliant azure, deeper than the wave,
Perfumed with orange, breathes its fragrancy
Like incense o'er the heart. But who was she,
So typified in death? her fate thus sung
By nature's minstrels, where the rivalry
Of fresh-blown flowers upon the sod has sprung,
To mark where sleeps in peace the innocently young?

She loved, beloved and loving: Beauty's dower
Was the sole fortune of that artless maid;
Her spirit withered like a summer flower,
Before the winter of the heart that made
All desolate. Her young affections weighed
Too heavy on her gentleness; the gloom
Of the dark night of sorrow bowed her head,
With woes too ponderous for her living bloom,
And, overwhelmed, she sunk to share her bridal tomb.

Peace be to thee, thou heart of hearts! united
With him in death whose love on earth was thine.
From thy bright form that watched so oft delighted
His very look, the while they bade thee twine
The garland of fresh hopes, that they might shine
Amidst this weary wilderness of strife,
When all beside was like the mountain pine
In winter's blast—no arm with sorrow rife
Shall separate the soul that called thee *his* in life.

How beautiful is sleep! and death no less,
When slumbers innocent and guileless love;
His dirge the song of joyous happiness,
The carol of the lark; each glade and grove
Filled with a thousand choristers who rove
From morn to eve, and all the livelong day,
Are ceaseless minstrels till the earth has wove
Her votive wreath of flowers, and evening grey
Weeps his soft dews where loving hearts decay.

How beautiful such tears! the dews of heaven—
How beautiful such wreaths! the gift of flowers
That speak of peace! refreshing e'en the leaven
Of dull humanity, like summer showers
Clothing the earth with brightness. There are powers
And influences in these which know no bound.
Beloved by those we love, they bring back hours
Of living happiness; and the deep wound
Of parting is forgot when we have such around.

[The following beautiful passages are deliciously refreshing:—]

TO ——.

That slow and heavy bell hath knolled,
Like thunder o'er a shoreless sea;
I have not heard it since it toll'd
The hour that bore me back to thee:
The hour whose wings had lulled me long,
When hope was cold and grief was strong;
Whose kindness ever came, to keep
The shade of sorrow from my sleep,
And mocked my dreams, but, wild and far,
Departed with the morning star,—
Yet came at last. That lonely bell
Had waked me with its measured knell;
And though my soul, in its awaking
From dreams of thee is always chill,
I knew that hour, their brightness breaking,
Had scattered only to fulfil.
And, through my trembling spirit sent,
The billowy echoes quivering went,
As the swift throb of morning breaks
Through the thin rain-cloud's folded flakes;
Even as that hour it beamed above
The azure of the expanded plains,
And filled the heaven with light like love,
And kindled through its azure veins
As the keen joy through mine:
I knew, that ere those purple stains
Of heaven should see the sun's decline,
And melt along the western sea,
A brighter sun should rise for me.

And it hath risen—and it hath set,
The glory and the tone
Of twilight have scarce passed, and yet
I have been long alone.
It is for those who can forget,
So that the path of time they tread
Is strewed with pangs and passions dead,
To tread their periods of weak pain
By the cold shadows, that reveal not
What once they felt—what now they feel not.
To those with whom the linked chain
Of day and years can never press
Upon their unforgetfulness,
An hour may be as long,
When its keen thoughts are dark and swift,
And when its pangs are strong
As the onward, undistinguished drift
Of the calm years that still retain
One hope, one passion, and one pain.

That sun hath risen—that sun hath set,
And though the dim night is not yet
So lifeless or so dark, for me,
As it hath been—as it shall be,
There's that of dew and chilliness thrown
Across my thoughts and brow,
Whose inward meaning none have known,
Not even thou—
Thou—for whose sake that brow is dark,
Whose constant pang thou canst not mark.

Alas! if pity be a pain,
I would not wish thee once to see
How much the distant feel for thee,
And feel in vain.

It strikes again, that measured chime;
Hark! its cold vibrations climb
Heavily up the slope of night;
And lo! how quiverings of keen light
Along the star-lit waters follow
Those undulations hoarse and hollow,
That move along the tufted trees
That crown yon eastern hill,
Which midnight frees from bird and breeze,
Bidding their leaves lie still.
There—deeply, softly, charmed and checked,
They pass the pile with slower swelling,
Where,* wildly wrung, or early wrecked,
Pure heart and piercing intellect
Now keep their unattended dwelling:
And sorrow's sob, and phrenzy's shriek,
Are calm beneath their cadence weak,
And torture tamed, and grief beguiled,
Have turned, have listened, and have smiled.

My own quick thoughts which were as wild,
Have suck at once, I know not why,—
Not less sad, but far more mild,
As these low sounds float by;
Low sounds that seem the passing bell,
For the swift and dark-eyed hours, whose rushing
Around the earth was fraught with flushing,
Kindled by the entrancing spell
That breathed of thee,
When from thy lips, and from thy presence fell
The stream of light, of melody,
That on their wings did grow and dwell,
Till each was faint with his own ecstacy.
And they are dead,—cold and dead;
Yet in the light of their own beauty lying,
That light which is alone undimmed, undying.
When for all else the shroud is spread,
Imperishable, though so pale.
It burns beneath the moveless veil,
That o'er their beauty and their breath,
Hath cast a guise and charm of death;
A guise how false! a charm how vain!
For each of the departing train
Drank as it passed, beholding Thee,
First joy, then immortality.

[The pleasing author of the "Provost of Bruges," contributes

The Song of the Besieged.]

Drink! Drink!
Why should you pause? It is all that remains to us—
Food there is none for your hollow-cheeked crew;
But the bottle the blood of his body yet drains to us—
Drains to the last, like a comrade true.

Drink! Drink!
There's a virtue in wine that can mock at despairing;
A valour that laughs at the threat of the foe;
Lean famine grows merry, despondency daring—
To the brim—to the brim let the wine cup flow!

Drink! Drink!
Our powder is gone—every grain is expended,
But that hoarded charge of the mine at our feet;
There, when the old walls can no more be defended,
A spark to the train, and our glory's complete!

Drink! Drink!
Hark to the foe—how their canon is roaring,
While our silent guns send no shot in return;
Their shouts mingle loud with the bulls they are pouring;
But woe to the victors! their widows shall mourn!

Drink! Drink!
They count us their spoil—they make ready the torture;
Fools! where are the eyes its infliction shall see?
Ha! ha! we will take a more easy departure,
And die, as we lived—the unconquered, the free!

* A mad-house in a clump of trees.

Drink! Drink!
That dull heavy sound—'twas the battered wall crashing;
The breach will be stormed—they are nearing it now;
I can see the bright steel through the darkness come flashing,—
The hour is accomplished—remember your vow!

Down! Down!
Dash down the goblet!—'tis broken in shivers!
An emblem and type of the fast-coming end,
When the victim and tyrant, deceived and deceivers,
In one common ruin shall shatter and blend.

Now! Now!
Hand join in hand, let your pulses be steady—
They enter! they mount to their funeral pyre!
Let none be shut out! Brothers! friends! are you ready?—
One moment—hark!—silence!—the signal!—NOW—FIRE!

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

(*Concluded from page 279.*)

Mathews and his Visiter.

One day, Mr. Mathews had ordered a mutton-chop at the "Old Ship." While waiting for it, the waiter announced "a gentleman," and, as usual with such people, seemed delighted at showing up a nuisance. If my husband had not been in a good humour, woe had it been to the doughty stranger, who now addressed him with impunity. He was a little, red-faced man, of respectable appearance; his head frosted over with pomatum and powder, like a twelfth cake. "Mr. *Mathus*, I presume?" asked the little gentleman, hat in his hand, and a low bow. "Yes, sir," mildly answered my husband; "what is your pleasure with me?"—"Why, sir," chuckled the good-humoured intruder, as he stood gazing somewhat in the fashion of a sight-seer; "Why, sir, –a–a–, I have taken perhaps a great liberty, which I beg you'll excuse. The fact is, –a–a– I never go to a playhouse; but –a– *raily* –a–a– I have heard much of *you*, and I have even *read* much about you, sir. It is said that you are an uncommon character. I am going away this afternoon; and hearing that you were in Brighton, *raily* I could not resist the *opportunity* of finding you out before my *departure*, being anxious –a–a–a– to see how you presented yourself to the *eye!*" Mr. Mathews was amused at the novelty of the style of this *raily* simple and inoffensive person. He therefore determined to humour his visiter, and accordingly said, in answer to his droll address:—"Well, sir, I hope my appearance is satisfactory."—"Truly so," replied the little plump man, as he measured him with his eye; "I look upon it, sir, that you have had more whimsical *adventurs* and odd things happen to you, than ever occurred to any other man."—"Why, yes, sir," said Mr. Mathews, "odd things *do* sometimes occur, as you say, sir." At this moment the waiter entered with the tray; upon which, Mr. Mathews invited the stranger to sit down, adding, "as you have come to see a strange animal, it is lucky you have found him at feeding time,—will you partake?"—"By no means," bowed the little portly gentleman. "Sir, I will no longer intrude; for *raily*, Mr. *Mathus*, I *have* taken a freedom; but I could *not* resist the *opportunity* that offered, and all I *have* to say is, that I have been *very much* gratified by your *benign* and generous reception. Sir, your very obedient." So saying, the little corpulent stranger bowed, and backed himself out of the room with much gravity and apparent satisfaction.

Leigh Hunt's Account of his Appearance on his Return from America.

I have seldom been more surprised than in coming close to Mr. Mathews on that occasion. Time has given force and interest to his face in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood them well. The last time I had seen Mr. Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion, he looked like an irritable inn-door pet; on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, "Buffet on, I have seen trouble as well as you." The paralytic twist in his mouth, which had formerly appeared to be master of his face, now seemed a minor thing,—a twist in a piece of old oak.

The "large Boy" Mathews.

I remember our travelling into Suffolk once, with Mrs. Richard Wilson, and stopping at a village inn for refreshment while her horses baited. Soon after, we saw my husband near the door, with half a dozen boys, of about eight years old, playing at marbles, bawling and wrangling about the game, and every one as grave and earnest with him as if they were all of the same age, and had been used to him all their lives. There he was, squabbling. "You, Bill Atkins, I say! you've no right to that taw!"—"*I have!*" said Bill "I say you haven't!"—"*I say I have!*"—"Ah! you cheat! I won't play with you *no* more!" We inquired how he became so regularly installed amongst these urchins in so short a time! He told us, that he went up to them as they were playing, and assuming the tone and words suited to their age and the occasion, asked if he might play with them! They all looked up with something like alarm, mixed with wonder, and stared at him in silence for a minute. He reiterated his wish to join them, and they all looked gravely and sheepishly at each other. He still urged them; till at last, after some demur, the smallest of the party boldly cried, "*Let* him play! What harm!" "Very well," said another, encouraged by his friend's example, "very well; but has he got any marbles!"—"No," said the new comer, "but I've a penny."—"Well, then, let him buy some of yours, Tom; you've got plenty to sell." The bargain was completed,

and he *knuckled down*,—soon learned several of their names, and thus we found him with them. It was most diverting to observe how completely the boys had ceased to regard him as any thing but what he represented; no giggling—no suspicion—but a thorough confidence at last in the reality of his being a child, though of "larger growth" than themselves. As he quitted them, he said he must go to his "Ma," and joined us; the boys looking after him, and at us, with curiosity for a moment, but immediately resuming their play, seemingly without any further reflection upon the incident.

Mathews' Ages.

Mr. Mathews possessed the extraordinary power from his youth of "making up" for, and representing, extreme old age. This early excellence often gave rise to disputes relative to his own age. One night, soon after he went to York, he was appealed to by a party of gentlemen, who had met at a tavern to settle a wager about his age. They had, severally and together, seen him perform a variety of characters. On the slips of paper being withdrawn from under the candlestick, it was discovered that one person had written him down nineteen, and another eighty!

John Luckie and "Mr. Bruffum."

Mr. Mathews, on his way homeward from the north just after the assizes, on entering the mail, was fortunate enough to find only two gentlemen, who, being seated opposite to each other, left him the fourth seat for his legs. Just as the trio had sunk into their first forgetfulness, they were awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, a light at the door of an inn, and a party of rough, discordant voices, bidding a cordial farewell to a large, be-coated, and ominous looking stranger, who, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, wished them "a good noight!" reminding them that he had paid *his* share of the reckoning. To the great discomfiture of our three *insides*, the door of the mail was opened, and in trundled John Luckie. Since the three gentlemen had "dropped off," the weather had suddenly changed from frost to snow, and the frieze coat of him who entered was powdered all over with the snow. All shrunk from the *damp stranger*, who, in ignorance of the whereabouts of his seat, was pushed first by one and then the other, till at last my husband, in keeping him off from his own person, lodged the huge, rough-coated animal, into his place. He was, however, in any thing but a sleeping mood; and after, in trying to *settle himself*, treading on my husband's toes, elbowing his neighbour, without begging pardon for his so doing, &c., (all which was received with a sullen silence, he asked in a voice sounding like thunder to the sleepers, while he held the pull of the window, "Coompany! oop or down!" *Answer made they none.* Again he inquired, still dubious of what might be agreeable, and desirous to prove himself a polished gentleman, "Coompany! oop *or* down!" Still receiving no answer, a smoothered oath bespoke his disgust at such an uncourteous return for his politeness, and with some exasperation of tone, he repeated aloud, "*Dom* it!—I say, coompany! *oop or—down?*" Still not a word; and, with another "dom," he allowed "*t' window*" to remain *down*. But he still continued restless and talkative. His excitement at the door of the inn when he left his friends, had caused him totally to overlook the snow, and now seeing it through the window, he exclaimed, with a degree of stupid wonder, "Eh! ma God! what's this! Whoigh! the whole country's covered wi' snow!—Eh! it's awful. *Coompany*! wake oop, and see t' snow! Eh! they re all asleep! Good God! whoigh, its wonderful and awful! Good Lord! what a noight!—what a noight! Eh! God preserve all mariners on the western coast this noight!" Then, roaring out once more with increased vehemence of tone, "Coompany! wake oop, I say, and seet' noight! Eh! they're dead, I reckon! Eh! ma God! what a noight!—awful!"—"I wish, sir, you'd show some feeling for us and hold your tongue," at last, said the English gentleman. "We were all asleep when you came in, and you've done nothing but talk and disturb us ever since;—you're a positive *nuisance*."—"Eh!" said the frieze coat, "I loike that, indeed! Aw've as much right here, I reckon, as others!—*Dom!* aw've paid my fare, har'nt I," said he, (his voice rising as he remembered his claims to consideration.) "Aw'm a respectable man! my name's John Luckie. I owes nobody any thing!—I pays king's taxes! I'm a respectable *man*, I say, aw help to support church and state." Then, looking again out of window, he relapsed again into his stupid abstraction. "Eh! what an awful noight! Lord be merciful to all mariners on the western coast this noight!" Again he of the "*comfortable*" grumbled out his anger, and assailed him with a command to be silent. John Luckie, at this, became louder and more intolerable, and at length his sense of oppression became so strong, that he boldly declared that he would *not* hold his tongue, "no, not for Baron Hullock, nor the great Mr. Brougham, (or, as he pronounced the name, Mr. Bruffum,) *himself* was in t' coich!" My husband, who found all sleep broken up by this obstreperous fellow, conceived a desire to amuse himself. Just, therefore, as John Luckie's last declaration was made, Mr. Mathews leant forward to him, and in a half-whisper said, "Hush! you are not aware, but you have been speaking all this time to Baron Hullock himself!" The drover seemed to quail under this intimation. "Whoigh! you don't say so!"—"*Fact*, I assure you; and opposite to him is *Lady* Hullock!" (a passenger with white drapery for night-gear over his head.) "Whoigh! good God! don't tell me *that!* Eh! what shall I *do*? Good Lord! what have I said! Art thou sure?"—"I am indeed," said Mr. Mathews; "they are Baron

and *Lady* Hullock, and *I* am Mr. Brougham." —"Eh!" roared the man in a tone of actual terror, "let me go!—let me go!" struggling to open the coach-door. "Let me go!—I'm no coompany for sitch gentlefolks, aw'ing no book-larning!—I'm no but John Luckie. Let me go!—Here, guard! Stop, stop! I waint ride here ony longer!" The guard was insensible to this, and on went the coach, and still John Luckie struggled; and, in his rough and clumsy movements, a little of my husband's ventriloquy proved a useful auxiliary to urge his welcome departure, and a child suddenly cried out as if hurt. "Eh! ma God! What! is there a bairn in t' coach too! Eh! ma Lord Baron! pray forgive me! I meant no offence! My name's John Luckie!—Aw'm a respectable mon!—Pays king's taxes! I said, Coompany! oop or down! I meant to be civil. Eh! my Lady Hullock! I hope I've not hurt thy bairn! *Dom!* what *moost* I do! Guard! stop and let me out! Eh! what a night! Guard! I'm not fit coompany for Baron Hullock and Mr. Bruffum, I know! Let me out, I say!" At last his voice at the window reached the higher powers, and the coach stopped, and *as* soon out rolled this porpoise of a man; who, again begging the *Baron* and his *Lady* to overlook his inadvertency, and asking pardon of "Mr. Bruffum," he was with some difficulty hoisted upon the top of the mail, and off it drove.

Liston Bidding at Mathews' Auction.

During one of Mr. Mathews' performances at Brighton, while he was singing that part of his "Auction song" where he solicits biddings for a particular "lot," after looking round the house, and making several appeals, and exclaiming—"Only three pounds offered! —only three!" a voice from one of the public boxes, which it was impossible to mistake, cried out, "Four!" He turned to the spot, to which every other eye also was directed. Though taken by surprise, he was not, however, thrown off his guard, but, bowing smartly à la Robins, exclaimed, "Much obliged;—*more*, Sir." This bidding was made by Mr. Liston, who was seized, as he afterwards declared, to put up for a lot, in order to surprise his brother-actor; and was confounded after he had done it, and heard the roar of laughter he had caused, and the notice he had drawn upon himself.

A Peculiarity of Mathews.

He was extremely timid of a new-comer; and when I expected men or women strangers in the house, it was always required that he should see them by some contrivance, without their being aware of his scrutiny, before I concluded to receive their services. He would then say, "Ay, I like that face;" or, "I don't like that man; I shall feel uncomfortable to ask so *fine* a gentleman to do any thing for me;" or, "I shall be afraid to ask that sullen fellow for what I want." He always took a liking to any one that seemed what is called a character. Simplicity of manners was a sure pass-port to his good graces. He particularly disliked what may be termed *fine* servants. I have known him in some moods refuse to dine at a friend's house, where he was very intimate, because he could not bear to encounter, on that day, the high-bred servant who waited behind his chair.

Death of Mr. Mathews.

Mr. Mathews had long been in an uncertain state of health; and, since his arrival at Plymouth, his distress in breathing had greatly increased. On the night of the 27th, (June, 1835,) Mrs. Mathews having prepared his night-draught, and wished him good night, left his door ajar, that she might hear the slightest sound; taking with her "Fop," who always slept by his bed, lest he should disturb him. Having assured herself that he had fallen to sleep, her own "tired nature" sunk into a few minutes forgetfulness, when a sudden spring of Fop towards the door, roused her to the hearing an unusual sound in the next room. She instantly rushed forward, and missed the form she sought: he had fallen from the bed-chair on to the side of the bed. She endeavoured to lift his head, but he was too heavy for her. She held the dear inanimate remains in her arms, and was at length conscious that her best and dearest friend was gone *for ever!*

On Friday morning, the 3rd of July, his remains were consigned to the tomb. The rank and respectability of Devonport, Stonehouse, and Plymouth, were present, and not one who wore a mourner's garb was unmoved by a mourner's sorrow. The vault in which he was interred is situate in the western vestibule of St. Andrew's Church, where a stone slab announces with admirable simplicity—"Charles Mathews, Comedian, born 28th June, 1776; died, 28th June, 1835."

"Comœdia lugit, scena est deserta."

"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"

CONSEQUENCES OF BAD EXAMPLE.

"Example is a motive of a very prevailing force on the actions of men."—*Rogers.*

The late Sir John Fielding told Hugh Kelly, the once celebrated dramatic author,* that he expected a fresh cargo of highwaymen at his office, in consequence of the representation of the Beggar's Opera; and, upon Kelly being surprised at this, Sir John assured him, "that ever since the first representation of this piece, there had been, on every successful run, a proportionate number of highwaymen brought to the office, as he would show him by the books, any morning he took the trouble

* Born on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, 1739; and died, February 3, 1777.

to look over them." Kelly had the curiosity, and found the observation to be strictly true.

Will not the Mirror of Villainy now hold up to society, reflecting the wretched exploits of that heartless thief—Jack Sheppard—be productive of similar results?

Manners and Customs.

NATIVES OF BRITISH GUIANA.*

I HAVE been much struck as I passed from parish to parish with the appearance of the people, with the respectability of their dress, and with the quietness and propriety of their demeanour. Their behaviour at the consecration of the several churches and chapel-schools, and burial-grounds, and whilst partaking in or witnessing the rite of confirmation, was serious and becoming; whilst the promptness and largeness of their pecuniary subscriptions to the several places of public worship and religious instruction manifest the piety of their feelings and the personal comfort of their present condition. At one temporary chapel of ease, the sum of 50*l.* was collected for the purchase of an organ in the course of two hours from the time in which it was mentioned to them. At the church of St. Swithin's no less a sum than thirty joes was raised for the enclosure with iron rails of the tomb of their deceased minister—a proof not less of pecuniary competence than of a tender and grateful recollection; and at the Kitty Chapel School, the liquidation of a debt of 150*l.* has been undertaken by the people of the surrounding estates, to secure its immediate consecration. When the labouring classes of any community can lay by so largely, and spend their earnings so holily and usefully, there must be a spirit working within them, which, under judicious and affectionate guidance, will settle down into a habit of contented and steady industry. In one parish, indeed, I was sorry to learn that resort was still had to the superstitious use of Obeah, and its influence dreaded; that the solemnity of funerals was often interrupted and disgraced by excess of drinking and feasting; and, what would seem to have grown out of an abuse of religious language, that the very name of God, and reference to His awful will, were employed without consideration or any sense of religion in the heart, on the most trivial and unseemly occasions.

I have taken occasion during my visitation to ascend the rivers of the Pomeroon, Essequebo, and Courantyne, and to visit the Indians in the places of their temporary abodes. I have seen the Arrowak, the Carribees, and Warrow Indian working together in the laborious occupation of a large and important wood-cutting establishment. At Touroo Creek, on the Pomeroon, I passed the night in an open shed among a body of the Arrowak tribe, and beheld both the men and women in their domestic habits and ordinary occupations. At Bartica Point I had the opportunity of witnessing the zealous and judicious system adopted by one of our brethren for their civilization and religious advancement. On the Courantyne, my corial was manned by them both during my ascent and descent; and I spent some hours among the settlements of the Warrow tribe, who have now for many years, ever since the first establishment of the Moravians on the opposite bank, been congregated about the post. I have been deeply interested with what I have witnessed among a people hitherto, I fear it must be added, too little regarded and less benefitted. There is something, if I may presume to speak of them after so transient an acquaintance, peculiarly mild and pleasing in their countenances. With the simplicity of children, they are attracted by every novelty. They are indolent, but they have little to call forth exertion. The produce of the chase, of their cassava grounds, and of the river, supplies all the necessaries of life. The fibres of the palm or the silk-grass are woven for their beds; and the woods of their native forests provide the ready materials for their simple dwellings, for their weapons of defence, or for their instruments of hunting. Their children are singularly engaging and forward for their years; their women contentedly perform the most menial and laborious offices, and in the men I have witnessed a quiet steadiness of eye and hand in a moment of danger, which gave proof that there was that within them which is capable of greater things. That they are of oriental origin there can be no question. Their figure and several of their customs would seem to bespeak it; and when at the chapel on the Good Hope estate, I beheld four Indians, two men with their wives, devout in their behaviour, and respectable in their appearance, clothed and in their right mind, "kneeling before the same table, for the same Christian rite of confirmation, with the descendants of Ham and Japhet." I was much struck whilst at the Touroo Creek with a conversation which was carried on between an Arrowak chief and the rector of the parish of the Holy Trinity (within whose extensive and laborious charge the river Pomeroon is included,) at the pointedness of his answers, and at the seriousness of look and demeanour with which he subsequently watched the party at their evening devotions; and not less so when, on the Courantyne, I heard, in soft and plaintive cadence, from the mouth of a blind old chieftain, the oft-recurring Hallelujah, as he finished the stanza of some hymn of holy praise, which he had been taught by the Moravians in his youth; and, whilst in the Essequebo and Massarony, I had the yet further gratification of hearing some adult Indians read—of examining a school of 36 Indian children, and of meeting their parents and acquaintance no longer, as at a former visit,

* Extracted from a charge delivered to the clergy of the English Church, in British Guiana, at the Metropolitan Church, in George Town, 12th of July, 1839, by the Right Rev. William Hart, Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands.

under an open shed in their naked and almost savage state, but assembled, dressed, and in orderly manner, within a rude yet enclosed house of prayer, and "speaking in our tongue the wonderful works of God."

ANECDOTE OF LISZT AND THE GRAND-DUKE OF TUSCANY.

Liszt is at Florence. To such of our readers as have heard this great artist our eulogies would be superfluous,—to such as have not heard him they would be equally inadequate to convey the faintest idea of his extraordinary powers. He possesses all the intensity of feeling which distinguishes those solitary men who wander about the world in search of a *beau-ideal* of perfection, which for ever eludes their grasp. Liszt stopped at Milan on his way to Florence; and what a singular difference must he have remarked between these two great cities! Milan,—regular, silent, gloomy, sober, and correct; Florence,—happy, and wholly given up to the enjoyment of the present. Milan, who rarely beholds her masters but when crowned with a crown of iron;—Florence, who has no masters, or rather is the bosom friend of her master,—who sits at his table, rides in his carriage, prays by his side, lives in his palace, in his gardens, in his museum. In the grace, the wit, the taste, the politeness, the elegance of Milan, Liszt at first imagined he saw Italy; but in Florence,—the repository of mighty works, the queen of cities, by poetry, by tradition, and by the revolutions she has accomplished,—he soon became aware that he beheld the real Italy. Once within these walls,—built by the giants of the chisel,—it may be imagined what happiness our musician must have enjoyed in his life of poetry and song. Happiness, indeed!—in that select society, assembled from all parts of the globe in search of quiet and repose;—in that intimate and hourly *causerie*, so unlike Parisian wit, and which is a wit of itself, more serious but less busy;—in poring over the ancient monuments of art, to trace the genius which produced them;—in sitting in the evening where Dante has sat, and beholding the Campanilla towering in the air, and, through the open doors of the dome, discovering the scarlet cloak of the poet, walking in that Florence which the poet built;—in turning round to admire the *chef-d'œuvre* of Ghiberti, those animated portals which the last rays of the sun seem to inspire with renewed life;—in leaning at night at the front of a box at the opera, surrounded by the elect of Florentine society, and admiring the young and beautiful princess who bears the name of Buonaparte,—the greatest name of modern Europe,—and who bears it smilingly;—and what is there astonishing in her thus lightly bearing a name which would have overwhelmed almost any other mortal? Florence itself,—the city of stone and of bronze,—was it not built upon flowers!

As nothing which passes in this beautiful kingdom (the most beautiful kingdom in the world, because *it is not* a kingdom) remains unknown to the prince who governs it,—whether it be a princess royal of France who has come to die there,* or a poor artist who has come to drink inspiration from the soil,—the Grand-Duke soon discovered that Liszt the musician was in his hospitable city. One evening he sent for him, and with his affable kindness, calm and peculiarly German,—"Play us something," said he. Liszt immediately seated himself at the piano. Once at the piano this frail and timid being is insensible to all around him,—music, his only passion, fills his head and heart;—a thousand melodies present themselves to his imagination, and he has but to make daylight for himself out of a crowd of ideas, singing sweetly in his ear every variety of love, transport, and despair. Nothing is stranger to behold than this man, seated almost upright, his head erect, his eyes closed, his two hands extended over the world of his creation,—which he would grasp,—abandon himself without restraint to an enthusiasm nearly allied to madness. In what mysterious volume does he read these passionate notes! None can tell, not even himself! He obeys the breath which animates him,—he plays as a bird sings;—when he has said all, he stops,—when expression fails him, he desists. Nor princes, nor kings, nor dukes, nor the powerful, nor the rich, nor Mozart himself,—his God!—nothing can persuade him to proceed when once his inspiration fails him,—as nothing can arrest his progress while it lasts. Perhaps there never existed another artist so entirely separated from the crowd as Liszt.

He seated himself at the piano, and was soon borne away into his third heaven. All present listened with wonder to a strange and unknown harmony. Liszt himself, however, was no longer in this world. He had traversed the court-yard of the *Ammonato*, adorned with a garden like the terraces of Babylon; he had ascended the staircase of the Pittian palace, so often ascended by Raphael at the age of fifteen; he had seen the museum, which has not its equal under an Italian sky; the *Leo X.* of Raphael was on his left, the *Judith* of Allori on his right, the *Fates* of Michael Angelo before him; Titian over his head, and Rubens at his back,—glorious as the setting sun! These were his inspirations! He played all he imagined,—forgetting everything,—earth and heaven,—and never ceased till he had given expression to all the melody with which his head and heart were bursting.

Among the numerous foreigners existing at Florence on the charity of the Grand-Duke, there was a noble Hungarian, a poor gentleman, burdened with a family, ruined by the wars, in whose favour, that very morning, the Grand-Duchess had been soliciting her husband for an increase of pension.

* Alluding to the late lamented Duchess of Würtemburg.

When Liszt had entirely done, the Grand-Duke was standing, supported on the chair of the Grand-Duchess,—they exchanged looks with the consciousness of reciprocal love, expressing all their pleasure in a glance.

After a long silence,—"Of what country is he, and what can we do for him?" said the prince to his happy wife.

"Monseigneur," replied the Grand-Duchess, "Liszt is a Hungarian."

Then, leaning towards her, and whispering in her ear, the Duke said to his wife,—"Do you know what we must do for Monsieur Liszt! —we must double the pension of the Hungarian."

And thus the Grand-Duke and his wife gave the most touching and noble of rewards to Liszt the Hungarian.

The Gatherer.

Cost of Soldiers.—In the Duke of Ragusa's Travels, it says:—In France, the price is 340 francs; in Austria, 212; in Prussia, 240; in Russia, 120; and in England, 538: this probably includes every expense.

Definition of an Eccentric.—A rational lunatic.

Society of Female Musicians.—The Queen Dowager has been graciously pleased to become a patroness of the Society of Female Musicians, and to subscribe ten guineas a year towards the same.

Remarkable Cypresses.—Perhaps the oldest tree of which there is any record in the world is the cypress of Soma, or Somma, in Lombardy. This celebrated tree, says *Loudon*, is generally supposed to have been planted the year of the birth of Jesus Christ, and on this account is treated with great reverence by the inhabitants of that part of Lombardy where it grows; but the Abbé Berlèze informs us there is an ancient chronicle extant at Milan, which proves that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.—*Colton.*

A rich Hollander has collected the playbills of all the theatres in the world for the last 20 years, which he has bound up with notes, &c. By these documents it appears that *Der Freischutz*, by Weber, *Tancredi*, by Rossini, and *Robert the Devil*, by Meyerbeer, have been the pieces most often represented during that period. Up to this time *Robert the Devil* has, as it appears by the archives of this Dutch amateur, been performed at 144 theatres.

Our happiness depends, principally, on ourselves, and on the goodness or badness of our dispositions; that is to say, on our being virtuous or vicious.

A design for a tomb to receive the heart and statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in the style of the 12th century, has been prepared by M. Deville, conservator of monuments in the Cathedral of Rouen. It is proposed to place it in the chapel of the Virgin in the Cathedral, near the tomb of Cardinal d'Amboise, and it is supposed that the execution of it will begin before the end of the present year.—*French paper.*

Thoresby, in his Diary, June 5, 1702, being at York, records—"Evening, sat up late with a parcel of artists I had got on my hands; Mr. Gyles, the most famous painter of glass, perhaps in the world, and his nephew, Mr. Smith, the bell-founder; Mr. Carpenter, the statuary [whose statue of Queen Anne is now in St. Paul's Churchyard,] and Mr. Etty, the painter, with whose father, Mr. Etty, senior, the architect, the most celebrated Grinlin Gibbons, wrought at York, but whether apprenticed with him, or not, I remember not well. Sat up full late with them." What an association of genius and talent! Mr. Etty, the distinguished artist now living, is possibly descended from the persons who are here so honourably mentioned.

The robe of charity is generally large enough to be able to make cloaks also for a little pride and a little hypocrisy.

The Duke of Wellington's Foreign Orders of Knighthood.—His Grace is Knight Grand Cross of the (Austrian) Order of Maria Theresa, Knight of the (Danish) Order of the Elephant, Knight of the (French) Order of the Holy Ghost, Knight Grand Cross of the (Portuguese) Order of the Tower and Sword, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Prussian Eagle, Knight of the first class of the (Russian) Order of St. George, Knight Grand Cross of the Sardinian Order of the Annunciation, Knight of the Order of the Rue Crown of Saxony, Knight of the (Sicilian) Order of St. Januarius, Knight Grand Cross of the Sicilian Order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit, Knight Grand Cross of the (Spanish branch) Order of the Golden Fleece, and Knight Grand Cross of the (Swedish) Order of the Sword.

Prosperity and adversity are alike sent in mercy: the province of the blasting lightning and the balmy shower is the same—to cool and fertilize.

Margate in 1722.—In "A Journey through England," 1722, 8vo. p. 86, it says, "From Canterbury I went to Margate, in four hours, with design to proceed along the sea-coast; but I must own to you, that I was very sorry I went so much out of my road; for it is a poor pitiful place; though the Isle of Thanet, in which it is situated, is a fine country, yet there's hardly a gentleman's house in it.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.